3 1761 12000781 0

Photopoems

PHOTOPOEMS

SHAKESPEARE

SCOTT

LONGFELLOW

TENNYSON

WORDSWORTH

STEVENSON

BROWNING

OMAR KHAYYAM

...and others

Camera Impressions by Constance Phillips

The J. C. Saul Collection
of
Nineteenth Century
English Literature

Purchased in part
through a contribution to the
Library Funds made by the
Department of English in
University College.

TP
P

PHOTOPOEMS

A Group of Interpretations Through Photographs Taken by Constance Phillips

AND THE POEMS BY WORDSWORTH, MARLOWE, RICHARD HOVEY, GRAY, SCOTT, CAMPBELL, SHAKESPEARE, RICHARD DANA, FITZGERALD, SHELLEY, KEATS, LONGFELLOW, TENNYSON, BROWNING, EMILY DICKINSON, ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY, STANTON COBLENTZ, STEVENSON, SWINBURNE, ALICE MEYNELL, AMY LOWELL, AND JOYCE KILMER BY WHICH THEY WERE INSPIRED.

New York · Covici · Friede · Publishers

379244
19.4.40

COPYRIGHT, 1936, BY CONSTANCE PHILLIPS

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine or newspaper.

TYPOGRAPHY BY ROBERT JOSEPHY
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY J. J. LITTLE AND IVES COMPANY, NEW YORK

FOREWORD

Poets come and poets go, but somehow the classics have successfully managed to hold their own in a world of ever-changing ideas. It is my purpose to show that many of these famous lines, some written centuries ago, can today be given a new and original interpretation through the dramatic medium of modern photography. In other words, I am attempting to "re-sight" poetry through the lens. The reader is asked not to look for too literal illustration, for I have tried more to convey the mood of the poem than to reproduce the actual imagery of the poet. My impressions must necessarily be personal, and if they are not shared by all my readers it is because great poetry will always signify different things to different people.

These photographs were all taken by myself.

CONSTANCE PHILLIPS

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!

From "The Life and Death of Dr. Faustus," by Christopher Marlowe.